

Book-Case

Book-Case No.

7

Shelf

No.

4

Bst from Cothe lyp (C. H. W.)



Carton Library

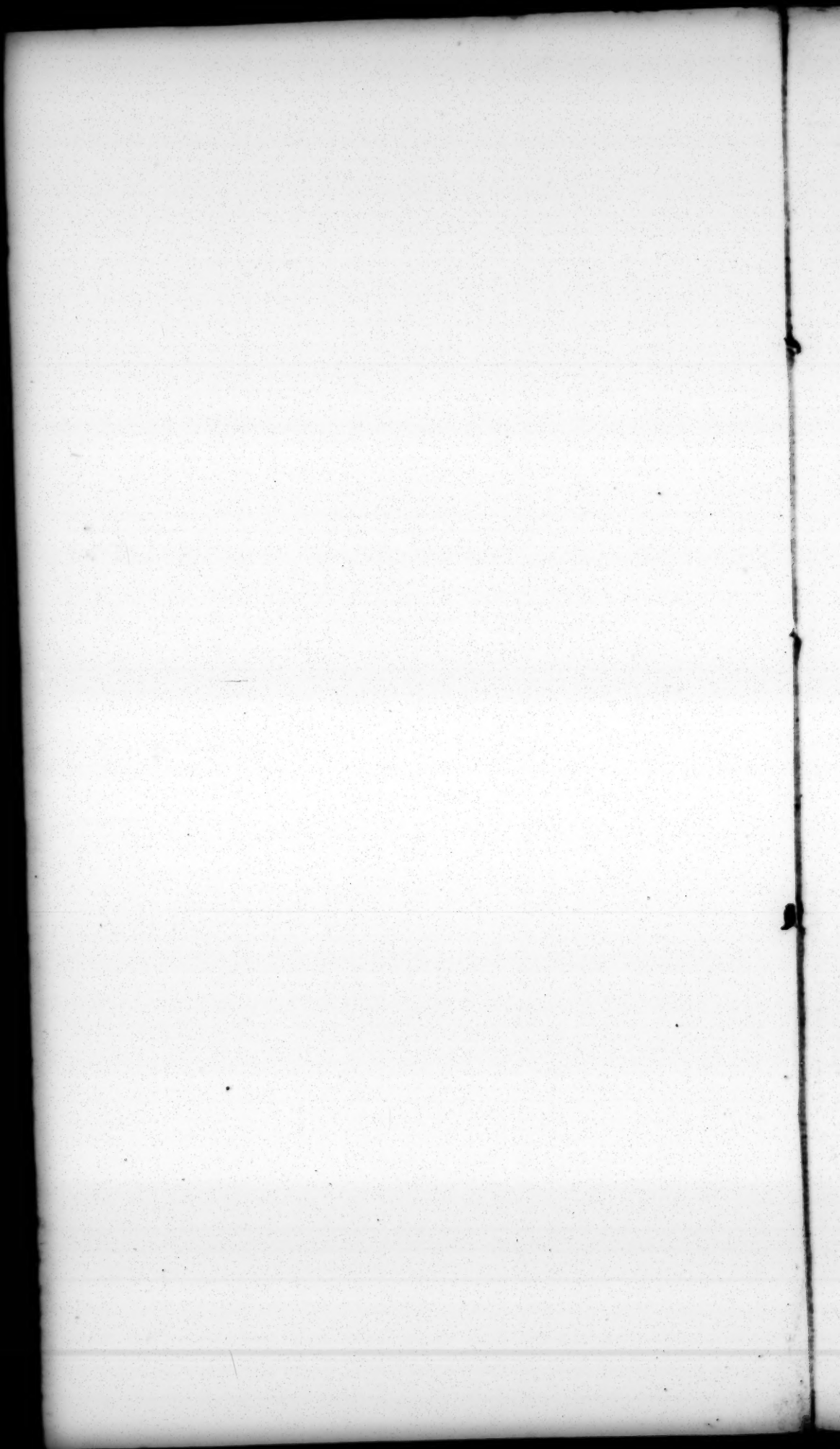
Vet. A 5 e. 3593

THE
A R T
O F
PRESERVING:

A
P O E M,

HUMBLY INSCRIBE TO THE
CONFECTIONER *in* CHIEF

OF THE
BR-T-SH C-V-LR-.



THE
ART
OF
PRESERVING:
A
POEM.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE
CONFECTIONER in CHIEF
OF THE
BR-T-SH C-V-LR--.

To which is prefixed,
A SEASONABLE
ANTIDOTE
AGAINST THE
POISON
OF
POPULAR CENSURE:

BEING THE
Substance of a LETTER from a Noble LORD
to a MEMBER of PARLIAMENT,
Relative to the Case of a certain
Right Honourable GENERAL.

DUBLIN:
Printed and sold by the Booksellers, and Hawkers.
MDCCLIX.



THE
A R T
O F
P R E S E R V I N G.

WHILE some with over Warmth engage,
Nor fix the moderate Bounds of Rage;
And others, who don't love the Fun,
Think it the safest Way — to run :
O S——e, *thine* shall be the Lay,
Who neither fought nor run away ;
Who calmly view'd the Battle round,
Yet bravely, firmly stood your Ground :
Whose Soul, unmov'd by low Ambition,
Supinely, in a safe Position,
Not e'en the Trumpet's Clangor mov'd,
To what (in Fact) it ne'er approv'd ;
Whose prudent Mind to Rage a Stranger,
Despises Glory — mixt with Danger :
Whose Smell's so delicate, we hear,
It can't the Scent of Powder bear :
Whose Tympanum's so fine and thin,
It can't endure the Cannon's Din,
But like a Beau, who knows his Distance,
Stood still, and scorn'd to make Resistance.

B

These

These Virtues, all the Nation own,
(E'en from the Cocker to the Throne)
Are *Thine*, my L---d: — To thee we owe
(As every grateful Heart must know)
The due Applause we ought to give
For those who by your Conduct *live*;
Those many noble Men and Horses,
Who might, by now, have look'd like Asses,
Had not your prudent Power restrain'd 'em,
And wisely by your Word detain'd 'em.

Thy Forethought sure in this was great;
For who but *Thee* cou'd tell their Fate?
You well foresaw their desperate Cases,
And knew they'd all be cut to Pieces;
Knew well the Foe wou'd turn upon 'em,
And either shoot 'em, hang, or drown 'em:
For as they forward run, — 'tis plain,
They might as well run back again:
For surely he that runs one Way, Sir,
May run the other way with Pleasure.

Admitting this, as this we must do,
He best knew what he had to trust to;
As he himself was in the Case,
He'd share the Danger or Disgrace:
For had he, by a foolish Heat,
Expos'd his Troops to a Defeat,
And ventur'd forward — What a Hazard!
Some smockfac'd Youth might spoil his Mazard;
And he, among the rest, had fallen; —
Which last reflection, sure is galling.

He'd

He'd heard, no doubt, of French Polices,
 Their sham Retreats, their Feints, Finesses;
 And had he seen 'em on the Ground lye,
 Might think 'em only sleeping soundly;
 Or, Falstaff-like, for fear of beating,
 Said they were only counterfeiting;
 And, at a certain Time, the said Men,
 Might raise again, like Bayes's dead Men,
 And by a Counter-march surround 'em,
 And take 'em Pris'ners, kill, or wound 'em.

These wise Reflections — mark the General;
 To sacrifice himself and Men and all,
 He knew to be a Foolish Fervor,
 No Way consistent with Preserver.
 He now may live to see those brave Ones,
 Who nothing might ha' been but Bare-bones;
 Some pulveriz'd, and blown away, Sir,
 Some soften'd into Mud and Clay, Sir,
 Or Food for Fish that swim the Wefer.

Ye Parents who had Children there,
 Ye Children, who had Parents dear,
 Ye Wives, who for your Husbands sigh'd,
 O'er whom this Hero did preside,
 No longer, with a Face of Doubt,
 Be seen to vex yourselves, and pout:
 This wise and noble General,
 By doing nought, has sav'd 'em all;
 To him in Chorus raise your Notes,
 Ye Pratlers swell your infant Throats.

Ye loving Wives with Voices blest,
 Ye Parents late by Fear deprest,
 At once dispel your Care and Gloom,
 And sing a main for Years to come;
 How noble S——e, wife and good,
 Once greatly fav'd your Flesh and Blood!

What tho' another in thy Stead,
 Now leads the Troops you lately led,
 Yet still shalt thou a greater Man be
 Than ere the Marquis was of G——by.
 Who knows but in some future Age,
 Thy Wisdom may adorn the Page:
 Or who shall say but by and by, Sir,
 When Folks are grown a little wiser,
 But Towns and Cities may contribute,
 Instead of Halter, Axe or Gibbet,
 To raise thy Statue high in Air,
 As high as Roman Heroes were,
 Adorned with emblematic Honours
 (As best shall please the gen'rous Donors)
 On which shall Fame and Glory stand,
 And becken thee with stern Command,
 Or court thee to their warm Embrace,
 While you, my Lord, with Looks averse,
 Bid Fame and Glory kiss your A—se;
 Where Courage in a G——by's Likeness,
 Wou'd animate and rouse your Meekness.
 “Lead on the Troops, he seems to say,
 “Compleat the Glory of the Day.
 “Push on, my Lord — they fly — pursue:
 “The rest depends on Fate and You.”

But all in vain, unmov'd and firm,
 As scorning (e'en to hurt a Worm)
 With Tendernefs and Prudence mild,
 You ftand their beft-beloved Child;
 And wifely to 'em feem to cry,
 " Ah! why, my Parents dear, fhould I
 " Lead to the Charge thefe martial Men,
 " Who well may live to fight again?
 " Wou'd twenty Frenchmen's Lives atone,
 " Suppofing I fhould lofe but one,
 " And that, alas!——fhould be my own

}
}

Then on the Pedeftal below,
 Thefe Panegyrick Lines fhould flow.

" Behold the Man whole timely Care,
 " Sav'd many a Child and Parent dear;
 " Who, by his fixt and conftant Breaft,
 " Preferv'd two thoufand Souls at leaft.
 " But mark the End of his Refind'nefs,
 " They never thank him for his Kindnefs.
 " Now we, much wifer far than they,
 " His fad Misfortune to repay,
 " Have caus'd him to be ftill'd and written
 " The Great CONFECTIONER of BRITAIN;
 " Who, fav'd his Troops, and eke his Foes
 " From Cannons, Mufquets, Wounds and Blows:
 " Who like the Great Immortal B—g,
 " Knew fighting was a dangerous Thing;
 " And chofe to ftand the public Cenfure,
 " Rather than fight in's own Defence, Sir.

Suppofing

Supposing this to be the Case,
And this same Statue find a Place
Either in Great St. J——s's Square,
Or any other Spot elsewhere;
How would the pious Folks adore ye,
For thus despising worldly Glory!
Wou'd not the Tabernacle train,
Who wisely think all Glory vain,
Save that which comes from Heav'n above,
That bears the Stamp of Peace and Love,
Of Patience, and of true Forbearance,
Which are your L——p's close Adherents;
O how they'd hum, and sigh, and groan,
And make their hypocritic Moan:
Say what a shocking Thing it was,
So great a Man in such a Cause,
Shou'd ever be the public Scoff,
The Butt of Wit, and such vain Stuff.
Wou'd they not thunder out Damnation,
'Gainst those whose wicked Inclination,
Cou'd stigmatize that peaceful Breast,
That so much Lowliness posselt?

Prefumption is a Crime, my L——d;
But none of your's, upon my Word.
O happy thou, who well must know,
That none, tho' 'ere so much your Foe,
In this, can call your name in Question,
Whose Calmness is beyond Suggestion:
But there are Men so foolish hardy,
Who always blame the Wise and Tardy,

They'd

They'd fight against all Opposition;
Nor minding Danger or Condition.
Others there are whose Talents lie,
In watching Opportunity;
Which once attain'd, they fight away,
Resolv'd to win or lose the Day:
But this I cannot think is good,
To watch for shedding human Blood:
It is not gen'rous, I trow,
To take th' Advantage of a Foe:
Especially with such as you
Had (rather or had not) to do:
Whose Fame of fighting fair and even,
(At least some Score to Six or Seven :)
Who never seek Advantages,
Nor take 'em, if aright I guess:
Who, e'en when they're flush'd with Glory,
Mourn o'er the Conquer'd, sad and sorry:
Who fight not for the sake of Gain,
But so polite and so humane,
They with uncommon Goodness spare,
E'en ev'ry Thing — they can't come near.

But scribbling Newswriters, I ween,
O'ercharg'd with Politics and Spleen,
Have told us lies from Day to Day,
Of these our Foes so mild and gay:
They never cou'd their Armies bring,
To burn the Mansion of a King:
They ne'er, like Hell-hounds did run over,
The peaceful Lands of poor H——r:

They

They cou'd not plunder, rob, and pillage,
Each poor defenceless Town and Village :
They cou'd not bear the Virgin's Shriek ;
The Fathers, or the Mothers eke.
These Things are false what People tell ;
They burnt no Orphan-house at Zell :
And if they had, they surely must
Take out the harmless Children first.

These Reasons, (*candid* as they are,)
If we cou'd once believe *Maubert* ;
Might all at once attack your L——p,
And surely then it was a Hardship,
To think that such a gen'rous Foe,
Shou'd so much Scandal undergo ;
Who likely for some private End,
Have been to you no trifling Friend.
Each Briton has a right to think ;
Nor will they now at Blunders wink.
Born on the fav'rite Isle of Freedom,
They'd always fight — wou'd those who lead 'em.
Shou'd always censure or applaud,
And punish (for they well reward)
Whatever base and Coward Fear,
Does (e'en in Generals) appear.

Say, did'st thou, cou'd'st thou e'er reflect,
On what our Martial Laws inflict,
When Fools shall err — or Knaves neglect
Or, when you've had an Hour to spare, ?
Perus'd the Articles of War ?

}
No

No doubt you've read 'em o'er and o'er,
And knew 'em many Years before.
Then how — Ah! how cou'd you debase
The Glory of the warlike Chase:
When G——by, eager for the Game,
With raptur'd Bosom all o' Flame,
(As Nimrod, or the fam'd Orion,
Of Old persu'd the Pard or Lion,)
So Huntsman-like, he panted for't;
But ah! you spoil'd the glorious Sport.

Too long the Muse has been in jest,
In Earnest now — Beware the rest.
A British Muse, enrag'd and free,
Borne on the Wings of Liberty;
Who, jealous of her native Glory,
With Honour durst appear before ye;
And boldly brave your knitted Brow,
Say — Is there such a *Thing* as thou?
Is there ought else in Britain's Isle,
That cou'd their Country's Cause beguile?
Pick me from all your servile Tribe,
Who make no Conscience of a Bribe,
Your Valets, Footmen, (Tom, or Harry)
That cou'd in such a Case miscarry.

Thy Breast, (whatever Nature meant)
Tis plain, too plain, cannot resent;
Else woud'st with an Arm of Thunder,
Have rous'd Astonishment and Wonder.
But ah! thou had'st forgot the Time,
When poor America's sad Clime,

(14)
With bleeding Heart, and Eyes aghast,
Groan'd as each Groan wou'd be her last :
When all her Sons and Daughters felt,
Tortures, that in Description melt.
Saw the poor Infant's harmless Breast,
Gor'd by a French or Indian Beast :
Their Sires with Mercy-moving Cries,
Inhuman scalp'd before their Eyes;
And Houses blazing to the Skies.

This, this alone, wou'd ought have done,
Had urg'd thee like a Hero on ;
But still we'll nearer bring the Scene,
Perhaps you'll then know what we mean.

Cou'dst thou, who knew the balmy Savour
That rises from a Monarch's Favour,
The grateful *Sweets* that happy spring
From Bounty's Hand, and Britain's King,
Not rouse thee when thy Master's Right
Peculiar begg'd your Aid in Fight :
When each complete Stroke from you,
Was Vict'ry's Fame, and GEORGE's due?
Say, didst thou then reflect of late,
How Hanover's all-pitied State
Was overrun with Gallia's Swarms ;
What Pangs she felt — what dire Alarms?
The Cruelties her Children bore,
When weltring in their guiltless Gore,
By these unhuman Sons of Gaul,
But more unhuman General ;

When

When Orphans Shrieks cou'd not assuage
Their lawless and infernal Rage;
Nor e'en the Mansion of that Prince,
(Beneath whose kinder Influence
You shou'd have felt the strangest Sense)
Was safe (tho' sacred else) from Flame,
And all for Richlieu's Sport and Game.
What else cou'd be the Cause, I ween,
Had they not strip'd 'em to the Skin;
Had they not plunder'd all they cou'd
Nor spar'd e'en Age or Infant Blood?

Think then, my L—d, how great must be
The heart-felt Pangs of Majesty;
Whose mental Eye survey'd the Scene,
His native Land, that once serene,
With Pleasure met his raptur'd Sight,
Diffusing all around Delight.
Those Scenes (he wonted to admire)
A prey to Rapine, Sword, and Fire.

What Pen can write, or Tongue can say,
His anxious Grief, or deep Dismay!
Yet Heav'n in Pity to his Years,
His gnawing Grievs, and fervent Pray'rs,
Arm'd him for Purpose wise and good,
With more than common Fortitude.
Then rous'd; as by supreme Command,
Th' armed Honoverian Band,
Led by the warlike Ferdinand.

Now Comfort dawn'd on GEORGE'S Breast,
Too long by Grief and Care deprest :
New Vigour fill'd his Royal Eye,
Serene his Breast as Summer Sky ;
When still to bless him more and more,
Victoria sounds from Shore to Shore ;
And all the Cares he lately felt,
Are lost in Rapture and Crevelt.

From Town to Town the shifting Foe
Retreat t'evade a second Blow ;
At length fresh Armies join their Pow'r,
And Legions thick on Legions pour :
With triple Force again they come,
To seal poor Hanoveria's Doom ;
Whose Martial Sons were timely join'd,
By Britons, bold and disciplin'd.
The Foe, superior Three to One,
New flush'd with Hope, came boldly on ;
Poor Cassel's once again subdu'd,
And Fears at Hanover renew'd :
Again, your Friend, the Royal Seer,
Opprest with Tendernefs and Care,
With various Doubts and anxious Mind,
Can scare a Peasant's Slumber find ;
When lo!—when least expected fly
The Harbingers of Victory ;
Joy meets the News, and wafts it to the Sky. }

Now Britons each with Britons meet,
Say, is the Victory complete?

—Wby

(17)
— *Why*, no — 'tis not decisive quite,
But might ha' been — had all been right.
How's that? cries one — *Why*, whose in Fault?
Egad! they ought to go to Pot.
— Sir let me whisper in your Ear —
A — certain — noble — L — d — I fear,
On whom the grand Pursuit depended,
Is, as some People say, suspended,
And that the Marquis bold of G — y
Has got his Place — 'tis true as can be.
Ecod, says one, I'm glad of that,
And thus they gall with meer Chit-chat!

Thou Blaster of a People's Hopes,
The Infamy of Britain's Troops,
Thou grand Impediment to Fame,
To Glory, and to GEORGE'S Name,
When after all the Pangs and Fears,
The Trickling of a Monarch's Tears,
On sudden, when with Joy elated,
And thought his happiness compleated,
To think his native Country freed,
Whose Intrails had so lately bled,
Should find one T — in the Way,
Who stain'd the Glory of the Day.

But ah! — how shall the Royal Ear
Thy study'd vile Excuses hear?
The salt'ring, stamm'ring, mean Evasions,
That Cowards use on such Occasions?
Can his offended Sight behold,
A Tr —, tho' array'd in Gold;

Will

(10)
Will he not call for Vengeance down
On him who foil'd his sacred Crown?
On him, who by his royal Hand,
Was risen to the chief Command;
Honour'd with Titles, Pensions, Place,
To be at last a king's Disgrace.

Thus while the Muse with weary Flight
Pursu'd thee in the Depth of Night,
When Peace and Silence reign'd profound,
A sudden Weight my Eye-lids bound:
There slumb'ring o'er the scribbled Pile,
I saw the Genius of our Isle,
O'erwhelm'd with Rage, she tore her Hair,
" Behold, she cry'd, yon T—— there;
" A Blot upon that Royal Court,
" Who gave him Grandeur and Support:
" Who tho' his dastard Eye beheld
" The routed Frenchmen quit the Field,
" Refused to give the final Blow,
" And seal their total Overthrow.

" Rouse, Britons, rouse the Genius cry'd,
" To Liberty and GEORGE ally'd;
" Demand that great Revenge, which you
" Have now a Right superior to,
" Nor suffer Title, Pomp, or Station,
" To fleece a brave and gen'rous Nation;
" Who with united Ardor join
" To'ards any great or good Design;
" Nor meanly grudge the Soldier's Booty,
" Provided he but does his Duty.

" Let

“ Let him adorn the Field or State,
“ His Pension ne’er can be too great,
“ Who bravely seeks his Country’s Good,
“ In Councils, or in Fields of Blood.
“ But he, who void of martial Fire,
“ Accepts Commission but for Hire,
“ And when the important Time appears,
“ When he shou’d set aside his Fears,
“ And all the Hero swell’d his Breast,
“ Urg’d forward to the glorious Test:
“ If then he fails to act his Part,
“ And shews a Coward’s fearful Heart,
“ What else remains?—He ought to die:
“ An open Foe to Liberty.”

Immediately, (methought ’twas true)
A lofty Scaffold, rose to View,
Hung round with black, a mournful Scene,
On which a sable-suited Train,
With Implements of Death, await
The T——, and the Coward’s Fate.
Anon, he comes in deep Despair,
And, shrieking, rends the ambient Air;
Nor Death in any Shape can bear:
Now traverses the Scaffold round,
As sunk in Horror’s Depth profound;
Then struck, as with a sudden Shock,
He views the Coffin, then the Block;
Feels on the Axe with streaming Eyes,
And then the dreadful Block he tries:
Then rising slowly from the Floor,
And traverses the Stage once more.

}

At

At length composed, he thus bespoke,
“ Ye Britons, who behold the Stroke,
“ If any in this spacious Ring
“ Should serve your Country or your King,
“ Them faithful serve — to them be true :
“ Make that the glorious Point in View.
“ Then may you happy live and see
“ Yourselfs belov’d, and Country free.
“ Be warn’d by my untimely Fate,
“ Nor vainly think yourselves too great,
“ When public Justice claims the Debt.”

Then on the Block himself he threw ;
The Attendants strait awhile withdrew.
“ Kind Heaven, (he cry’d) O take me hence,
“ Since Earth won’t pardon my Offence!
The Signal dropt — aloft on Air
Now hung the Axe with horrid Glare :
When lo! descended from above,
(Array’d in Tenderness and Love)
Sweet Mercy, Pity’s only Child,
Whose arm the impending Axe with-held,
“ Forbear, she cry’d, for once forbear,
“ Nor grudge a D——T’s Blood to spare.

This said, I’woke, and found the Theme
Was nothing but an idle Dream.

A

Seasonable Antidote

AGAINST THE

P O I S O N

O F

POPULAR CENSURE.

BEING THE

Substance of a LETTER from a Noble LORD
to a MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Relative to the CASE of a certain

Right Honourable General.

2
e
h
u
r
d
r



A

SEASONABLE ANTIDOTE

AGAINST THE

Poison of Popular Censure.

AUGUST 16, 1759.

S I R,

I SHALL begin this letter with congratulating you (as I do most sincerely) upon the glorious success which the allied army have lately gained against the French in Hanover. An event so happy in its consequences, and one, which must unavoidably give the — such extreme satisfaction, cannot fail of being acceptable in the highest degree to every loyal subject: but every Englishman, I am sure, who has the least feeling for the

D 2

honour

honour of his country, must be touched in a particular manner, when he finds the Hanoverian general acknowledging, next to God, that to the vigour and prowess of the British troops, he stands indebted for his victory.

THIS is at once a proof of his princely gratitude, and impartial justice, as well as of their meritorious service; but why, why cannot so distinguishing a mark of approbation come to us unalloyed? and why must his highness, while he is taking such pains to pay his compliments to the body of the British troops, be as ostentatious on the other hand of affronting their head, not by open reproaches, but by hints and inuendoes; or, what is worse, a contemptuous silence?

I AM unwilling to make use of an indecent expression; but surely, the general who acts in this way, ought to have good grounds for so unprecedented a behaviour; or, shall we say that it is of no consequence to expose an illustrious character to the obloquy of the worst suspicions; one which hath hitherto stood the fairest in the public opinion; in the praises of which our senates have so constantly concurred; the hope of a most noble and antient family; and whose reputation, till now, has been as spotless as his conduct was unblameable.

IF this be the case, who will serve in our fleets and armies? No man of rank or fortune, I am sure, who has common sense, even in the cause of his country, will run the risk of putting himself into such a disagreeable situation; for, supposing that nothing lay at stake, and no ill consequences could follow it, what a shocking and painful thing must it be to a truly delicate mind, to be thought capable of doing any thing that needs the formality of a defence?

BUT does it not look as if the English affairs were under some fatality? Only take a retrospect of the last three years transactions, and then imagine in what light our people must be looked on by the rest of Europe; either they must think that there are very few brave, sensible, or honest men among us, or they must think us mad. You smile at this assertion, but, upon my word, you will find it no less than just to a demonstration.

EVERY one remembers, that this war no sooner commenced, than it was thought necessary to dismiss a lieutenant-general, and put an admiral ignominiously to death for cowardice, disaffection, or non-obedience of orders. But, sir, what then proceeded from fatal necessity, seems to have since
been

been adopted into system ; and the Athenian state was never more capricious in the treatment of those who undertook her battles, than Britain has been from the time of Mr. Byng, and Mr. Fowke's unlucky misdemeanors.

Do not imagine from this, that I am a favourer of those, who through cowardice, disaffection, error in judgment, or any other cause whatsoever, may, in any service they have undertaken to perform, be instrumental to the danger or disgrace of their country. Far from it : on the contrary, I think that no rank should set them out of the reach of justice ; no fortune shield them from it ; nor any interest, though ever so powerful, when once they are brought before her tribunal, influence the sentence which is passed upon them.

YET after I have avowed all this, after I have professed myself in the strongest manner an advocate for those measures, which may tend most effectually to the national glory, the punishment of our weak or wicked friends, and the injury of our open and professed enemies ; yet, let me say, that I am not a friend to indiscriminate disapprobation of every person's conduct, who takes upon him the command of our forces on whatsoever expedition it happens ; whether through the unavoidable miscarriage

riage of the enterprize, or the premature censure of the proud or discontented; much less am I for dragging every man to the bar like a criminal, because I happened once or twice to do it in the right place; such a conduct proceeds from caprice, not justice.

BUT perhaps you will ask me to give you some instance of a conduct like this in the English. I have already hinted, that I thought this whole war a continued series of them: I repeat this again.

ARE there not, at present, two gentlemen, one of which is still in our service; the other indeed, thro' a just indignation upon such unmerited treatment, has thrown up his commission, that were served in the very manner I complain of.

THE first was a veteran officer, who both in public and private life had maintained a most immaculate character; yet that could not screen him from popular censure, which grew so loud, that, as the only means of clearing his honour, he was obliged to have recourse to the disagreeable expedient of a court-martial; where, after having been pursued with the utmost rigour of malevolent persecution, he was honourably acquitted, it being proved that there could not be the least fault found with his conduct.

duct, to the great credit of of those who witnessed against him, and of that rash public, which is ever ready to join in the cry against a countryman that has undertaken their service, be he never so innocent.

HOWEVER, we will allow that in general M--d--t's case there was some shadow for accusation, because he did not, in that expedition against the coast of France, so fully answer the expectations of his country : but with regard to Mr. B---gh, it was the direct contrary, since Providence was pleased to favour him with all the success which even the most sanguine could have wished for ; and yet what was his reward ?

WHEN he returned to England, was he not received with the frowns of power ; with the murmurs of the populace ? Was he not even refused admittance to that presence, in which he must chiefly desire to appear well ? and not only so, but given to understand, that it was looked upon as a special grace that he was not dismissed his majesty's service, for in consideration of his great age, and long services, they did not chuse to shoot him.

NOR, let me add, was this an accidental circumstance, which casually attended the service Mr.

B---gh

B——gh went upon : no ; in was known to be the system of politicks then in vogue ; and for that reason a certain great personage, (whose memory all his acquaintance will ever preserve with the most tender reverence) after once taking upon himself such an expedition, and happily escaping the almost certain odium to which the commander in chief must be obnoxious, wisely declined any further meddling with them ; chusing rather to go where he thought he could serve his king and country with more honour, in every respect——Why must I add, to the grief of every Englishman, that in this service he lost his life !

THIS was the most noble John duke of M——l——gh; and to him, as next in command, and not only so, but next in every rare-found quality necessary to accomplish the soldier and the gentleman, succeeded the right hon. lord G———S——.

It is not to be imagined that his majesty or his ministry, would have reposed such a trust in a person on whose courage, conduct, and fidelity, they had not the most perfect reliance. Every body knows that a more important command never was conferred on any one, under the degree of captain-general ; as the fate of Germany in a great measure depended upon the success of those forces, (joined

E

with

with the allies) which were sent from England. Neither would they have been sent, during the present great aversion to continental measures, had not they been looked upon as the last resource, and the most happy advantages been expected from them.

THESE hopes have been answered, and He, who has been pleased to stile himself a Man of War, has not only blessed the allied army, in getting the better of that foe, whom, if we may credit report, was determined for the utter destruction of the principality of Hanover, but granted them so complete a victory, that the like has hardly been remembered, the number of the slain, wounded, and taken prisoners, being exceeded by nothing but the nature and richness of those spoils which which were consequent of the victory ; for the French left every thing to the victors, even to the private equipages of their officers.

THE result of such an agreeable piece of news, at the time of this very insolent, but now subdued, enemy's threatening us with an invasion at home, was, as it ought to be, a most excessive joy. The people sympathized with their sovereign ; and I believe there has scarcely been seen a more general jubilee of bonfires, ringing of bells, illuminations,

ons, and such like testimonies of national exultation, than appeared in London, on the night of that day which brought us an account of the glorious battle of Minden.

But behold ! scarce are those fires out, and the noise of the bells and cannon from our ears, than we are alarmed with a murmur of something which has been found fault with by the Hanoverian general in the British troops. He has thought proper, it seems, to fix a mark of reprobation upon them ; and, in order that it may appear more conspicuous, the head of those troops is sentenced to bear it. 'Tis true, indeed, to the English troops he in a great measure owes the victory he gained ; but it is set down to their general's fault, that he did not obtain one much more complete and brilliant.

Roused at the sound, we are at first at a loss whether to receive it with sorrow or indignation. We are excited to the first, by the fear of our commander in chief's having incurred a just censure, which, through him, may be a blot upon his native country : to the last, by the hope that this is no more than the effects of spleen, and overbearing pride ; an insult offered in the person of an H——v —— n prince, against a British nobleman.

And indeed, when we consider all circumstances, the person to whom this insult was offered, and the aggravating manner of offering it, there will be more than sufficient grounds to imagine that such is really the case.

For in bringing a charge against any person, it is not enough barely to say it is so and so ; the proof must be strong and evident. In like manner, neither are we to suspect persons of any crime at once, but we are to consider who he is ; what could be his motive for committing it ; how his character has always appeared in the eyes of mankind : and if, according to these tests, he must be acquitted in the opinion of all honest and impartial men, then in the name of God, let us act like such, or at least suspend our judgments, till we have heard the defendant, as well as the accuser.

BUT before we go any farther, let us try what ——— is accused ! Why, truly, the Hanoverian general has thought proper to thank many generals and officers, by name, for their great courage and conduct ; but takes no other notice of the British commander in chief, than what may be gathered from the following passage : *His highness farther orders it to be declared to lieutenant-general the marquis of Granby, that he is persuaded, that if*
he

he had had the good fortune to have had him at the head of the cavalry of the right wing, his presence would have greatly contributed to make the decision of the day more compleat and brilliant. And again,

His highness desires, and orders the generals of his army, that upon all occasions, when orders are brought to them by his aid de camps, that they be obeyed PUNCTUALLY, AND WITHOUT DELAY.

This is all of the matter that has hitherto transpired to public observation ; but how quick is detraction and evil fame? Upon this grounds, insufficient as they are, we have already proceeded to spatter the character of a young nobleman with reproaches, and offer him such indignities, as that his name is already publicly cried about the streets by the voice of scorn and vulgar derision.

BUT let us see what can be gathered from the foregoing obscure manner of accusation ; that G—— S—— has either been guilty of cowardice, disaffection, treachery, or error in judgment ; and it now only remains to try him, as every just person should, till matters are fully explained to us, by the rules I have already laid down ; and then judge whether the person, circumstances, or known inclinations of the man, will hold with any of the above constructions.

AND

AND in the first place, as to the want of personal bravery, that being an affection of the mind, it is certainly confined to no particular race of men; but those who are descended from antient and noble stocks have the greatest incitements to emulation, the best nurse of courage, and therefore we may reasonably allow, that they are in the fairest way to be free from pusillanimous and dastardly spirits. The family of S——lie too has always been remarkable for its bravery, insomuch, that the grand-fire of the nobleman, who is the subject of the present discourse, was noted for writing a song on the eve of a battle: an instance of coolness and collected thought, almost incredible in such a situation.

BUT you will say, successors may degenerate; 'tis granted: therefore take it in another light, and let me ask you, what signs did his lordship shew of cowardice; did he run away? No, on the contrary, he stood (that is imputed to him) the brunt of the enemy's fire: in which case, sure, if he was a coward, he was either a madman or a fool too; for such a method of seeking safety I believe never was taken: no, I will venture to affirm, that had he not been brave, he would not, he could not, have acted as he is confessed to have done.

THUS then drops the suspicion of cowardice : let us now enquire into the next article of imaginary attainder, namely, how far he may reasonably incur the suspicion of disaffection.

I TAKE the word disaffection in its general acception, viz. dislike to the present government. I would be glad to know, what disgust L—— G—— S—— could have to the house of Hanover. Can any other house be more lavish of honours or profit to him or his family ? Has not the D—— of D——, his father, been twice lord lieutenant of Ireland under it ? Does he not, at present, enjoy one of the first employments, both for revenue and station ? and is not my lord himself exalted to the highest pitch of grandeur in the walk of life which he has chosen to exercise himself in. Here then is the suspicion of disaffection taken off, for that can proceed from no cause but resentment, or self-interest, which it is shewn L—— G—— S—— cannot have ; he must, therefore, be either a madman or a fool, which I believe no one will be so hardy as to accuse him of.

BUT how shall we clear him from the suspicion of treachery ? French gold has powerful charms. I admit it ; but then it has only charms for him
who

who has not sufficient of the current coin of his own country. No one yet was ever so abandoned to shame and every virtue, I hope, as to take a sum of money which he did not want, to do an action, which, if known, must brand his name with eternal infamy, and even endanger his life in the most scandalous manner; and his lordship could have little hopes to keep a thing secret, the very commission of which implied notoriety. Besides, would it have been prudent in the French, supposing that his lordship could have been purchased at any rate, to give such a sum, as one of his rank and fortune would, no doubt, expect, for the very trifling service he could do them: for, 'tis plain, the victory is owned to be owing chiefly to the British troops; so that keeping a small body of cavalry back, could be of very little use to the enemy; and for this reason, I think, the supposition of his being bribed, is absurd to the highest degree.

As to an error in judgment, it is what all human kind are subject to: his lordship therefore, as a mortal, cannot be supposed exempt from it; but from his humane character, from that wisdom which he has shewn in the senate, from his admirable disposition in some former military expedition,

tion, I think this can hardly be laid to his charge, without incurring the censure of rashness.

As to his disobedience of orders, it is not clear that any but general orders were given; and what party we can suppose his lordship to be influenced by, to blast the laurels of the Hanoverian general, or interrupt the progress of the renowned Prussian, in order to force us to an inglorious peace, is to me so much a mystery, that it seems not to have the least foundation in probability, or even possibility.

His lordship has been treated in an unprecedented manner: I do not remember to have read or heard of any general in chief, not to mention his proper quality, that was ever used in such a contemptuous manner before. This, I think, not only an affront upon his lordship, but his constituents and his country; and as the p—— has been rash in his behaviour, he may also have been wrong in his judgment.

If a just sense of the dignity of that nation, which L—— G—— S—— in some manner had the honour of representing, has been the occasion of his forbearing any thing, which, in his opinion,

F

may

may not be detrimental to it, is there an Englishman who should not espouse his cause? at least, I hope, there is not an Englishman who would suffer himself so far to be prejudiced, as to condemn him unheard. The truth will soon be known; I am convinced it will not be for his interest to conceal it; and then every doubt will not only be silenced, but, instead of CONDEMNING him, we shall APPLAUD.

I am, SIR, &c.



F I N I S.



